

Children's Newspaper, Week Ending June 12, 1943

# ARTHUR MEE

By His First  
Editor

*In the safe at the C N office Arthur Mee left this manuscript written long ago by an old friend whose passing was itself one of the greatest bereavements sustained by this paper. Arthur Mee wished that this should be printed as it was written when his time came to leave his desk and lay down his pen.*

ARTHUR MEE, one of the most successful journalists in the world, was born in the village of Stapleford, in Nottinghamshire, on July 21, 1875, and was educated at the village school.

His family were Nonconformists. They moved into Nottingham when Arthur was in his early teens and became associated with the Baptist Church. They were, and he has always been, teetotal. Water is his drink wherever he is, at home or abroad. The family was large and Arthur began to work at once in miscellaneous ways. When I first met him he was a copy-boy in the Readers' Department of the Nottingham Daily Guardian; that is, he read manuscript to the print corrector, and when I saw him he had already absorbed much knowledge of writing, printing, punctuation, and newspaper affairs.

THE world was a wonderful place to him.

Everything was wonderful, surprising, charming. That is the keynote to his life. A newspaper office was wonderful. How could one help learning all about it? Most of all, writing anything to be printed was wonderful. Most of it was done by reporters who took down speeches which were cut down to fit space. It was splendid to do every wonderful thing you could find anybody doing. That was Arthur Mee's feeling.

So he went out and did some reporting on his own account, and he brought a most admirable condensed report of things worth reporting to me for publication in the Nottingham Daily Express, of which I was the editor. I accepted it. It was a thoroughly sound piece of work, fit to go straight into the printer's hand and full of good points.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"My name is Arthur Mee," he said, "and I am in the Readers' Department of the Guardian Office."

"Then why don't you take this to the Guardian?" I asked.

"Well, Sir," he explained, "the Guardian is a Tory paper and I am a Liberal, and while I am in the Guardian Office I am like Naaman bowing the knee in the House of Rimmon."

Hullo, thought I, there's character and personality in this lad, and I said: "Your report will appear tomorrow morning, and on Saturday you will have seven-and-sixpence; and whenever you are at a meeting and can write a report like that, bring it in."

THAT was Arthur Mee's first article, and in a few weeks he was apprenticed for five years to the Nottingham Express and was earning his own living. He was sixteen.

When he joined the staff he began by asking me what he should read, and I suggested Macaulay's Essays as a beginning. I felt that Macaulay's Milton, Bunyan, and Johnson would stir his susceptible soul. Never was there a more willing worker. He was eager to do anything that had to be done, and to suggest more, especially if it would widen his experience. An instance remains in my memory.

Sneinton Market was a democratic forum on Sundays, and Keir Hardie came there to speak. He was the first Labour Member of

Parliament, the first man to go to the House of Commons wearing a cap. His subject was not of special importance, but he was a notable figure, and there was another subject to the fore on which his views might be interesting.

It was not Arthur's business to be there, but he was there, and after the meeting he interviewed the Labour Leader on the more important topic. When I reached the office he came to me and said, "I was in Sneinton Market this morning and had a talk with Keir Hardie. It makes about a column." I looked at it and found it excellent copy. Then he added, "He said he would like to see a proof if it went in." I had it set up, and about ten o'clock Keir Hardie called and was shown to my room. He said, "This morning a boy from your office got hold of me and turned me inside out with questions. If you are printing it I should like to see it." I handed him the proof. When he handed it back he said: "That's the best interview I have ever seen in my life. Who is that lad?" Arthur Mee was about seventeen at that time.

ABOUT a couple of years later, when Mr Gladstone had retired from politics, there was a trip from Nottingham to his home at Hawarden, and some hope that he might make a speech. Arthur had never seen him, and asked that he might be sent with the trip. His sudden outburst when he returned struck me as typical of his enthusiasm. All in a breath he said: "I've seen Mr Gladstone as near as I am to you; I took every word he said; Herbert Gladstone showed us round the house; I shook hands with Mrs Gladstone; and I kissed Dorothy Drew." (Dorothy Drew was Gladstone's granddaughter.)

The firm published three newspapers, a morning, an evening, and a weekly. The morning paper, now the Nottingham Journal, was the paper on which Barrie began journalism; the evening paper was the News. When Arthur was twenty I left Nottingham, and in the changes that followed my removal Arthur, though not yet "out of his time" and only twenty, was made editor of the Evening News, probably a record youthfulness for the editor of a daily newspaper, but abundantly justified by his resourcefulness.

FOR years he had established a connection with popular London papers by frequent contributions, and before he came of age he had an offer from Sir George Newnes to join his editorial staff. When the time came that he could leave Nottingham, he did so, and joined Tit-Bits. Two years later he married a Yorkshire lady. He stayed with Newnes for a year or two and then decided to free-lance, and after a successful period of free-lancing he set up what must be a record for Fleet Street by maintaining two columns a day in a London daily and editing a London weekly.

The daily was the St James's Gazette; the weekly was the illustrated Black and White. Every morning during this time Arthur Mee wrote a column of Obiters Scripta for the St. James's before breakfast; every night

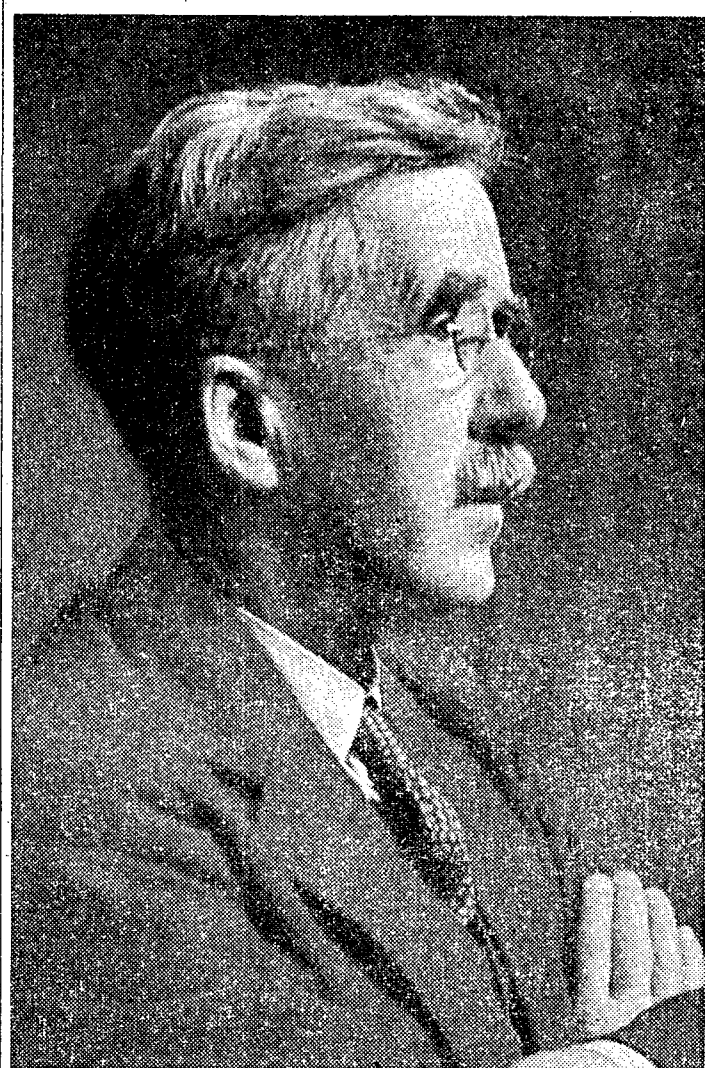
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EVERY  
TUESDAY  
3d

## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

POSTAGE  
Inland 1d  
Abroad 3d  
No 1264

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE



ARTHUR MEE: 1875-1943

## Hail and Farewell!

EVEN in these days when sorrow is so universal there will be many thousand hearts the sadder from the passing of Arthur Mee, that restless, brave, and stimulating soul whose chosen vocation had won him a unique place in the affections of at least two generations of young readers. Although by nature shy and retiring he possessed a strong and insistent personality which demanded of him the utmost in self-expression, and it was the struggle between these two opposites in him that gave such vivacity and energy to all he wrote.

No contemporary who, like him, was primarily an editor (and he was an editor tingling with ideas for others to develop) has himself written so much or so well. Nor, one might add, to worthier purpose; for in nearly half-a-century of friendship, and in splendid years of close collaboration before the last war, I have known him to his final day as always the same eager champion of all good works in human

endeavour which he set out to be with the maturing of his brilliant gifts as creative editor and writer.

Himself a child of wonder moving through a world of endless surprise to his questing mind, the keen edge of his interest and joy in life was never blunted: it might indeed be said that he never quite "grew up." But what was more exceptional was his capacity for communicating to the young minds around him in that world where he himself seemed not to grow old the marvel, the splendour, the beauty of it all even under the dense cloud of War that is now for a time over-shadowing the simple, natural, good, and everlasting things in which his own bright soul rejoiced.

In this regard his amazing energy of spirit which fired a frail bodily frame to the production of so vast a total of books and periodicals mainly for the instruction and entertainment of young readers has been of incalculable good to many millions (no figure of speech this)

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## GOOD NEWS FOR CEYLON

So valuable has been the contribution of Ceylon to the Empire's war effort that the Government intend to grant a new Constitution to this Colony when victory has been won.

The proposal is to grant full self-government in all matters of internal and civil administration, with the exception that legislation relating to the Royal Prerogative, the rights and property of all British subjects not living in Ceylon, the trade and shipping of any part of the Commonwealth, currency, and any measures which might lead to racial or religious unfairness must still be approved by our Government.

The racial restriction is included because the six million inhabitants of the island do not all belong to the same race. About three-fifths are Buddhist Sinhalese and most of the rest are Tamils who have migrated from Southern India.

At present Ceylon is administered by a Board of native

Ministers elected by a State Council, of whose members 50 are elected (by both men and women) on a territorial basis, eight are nominated, and three are Officers of State, but there are many Bills which have not only to be passed by the State Council but must also be approved by the Governor.

The new offer, announced by the Colonial Secretary in Parliament last week, has been made so that the Ceylonese Ministers may prepare a Constitution in readiness for consideration by our Government and Parliament as soon as the war is ended. To ensure that it is truly representative of the people of Ceylon this proposed Constitution must be approved by three-quarters of the native members of the State Council.

## Little Man Gayda

BENITO MUSSOLINI is having such a poor time nowadays that it must be a poor sort of job being his "mouthpiece," in other words, Virginio Gayda. When the Duce goes, which we hope will be very soon, what will happen to this little man from Piedmont?

Gayda is a quiet little fellow, for all his fiery pen, which he has wielded to such mischievous purpose for 21 years in the service of Fascism. He is astute, well able to play the rat on his present master in good time to serve whoever takes office in Rome. And he may be able to do so, for his knowledge of

foreign affairs is great, and he could still be useful to a peace-making Italy. It is hardly to be expected, however, that the Allies will tolerate his activities.

It may be that before long the popular afternoon paper in Rome which Gayda presumably edits will sing a very different tune from that of three years ago, when Mussolini asked Hitler for the "privilege" of joining in the bombing of London, and had the unexpected experience of seeing his best airmen scornfully shot out of our skies by the R.A.F. Gayda, if permitted, is quite capable of intoning the new tune.

## A KITCHEN IN EVERY SCHOOL

ALREADY more than 1,250,000 school meals are served in England and Wales every day, and Mr Butler, President of the Board of Education, says his aim is a hot mid-day meal for each child.

The Government is to provide every school that needs it with a fully equipped kitchen. Mr Butler adds that all the money local authorities spend in expanding the school meal service is to be repaid by the Treasury, and the Ministry of Works will

undertake all the building that is necessary.

This is only one of many steps which have been or will be taken to make the school a social institution charged with the physical, moral, and mental education of our boys and girls. The President of the Board of Education truly said the other day that school meals were essential both for their value in providing nutrition, and in teaching table manners and abolishing social differences.

## Hail and Farewell!

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throughout the English-speaking world, while in the Spanish-speaking world, in France, in Italy, and even in China there must be hundreds of thousands to whom the Children's Encyclopedia, either as *El Tesoro de la Juventud*, or *Qui? Pourquoi? Comment?* or *La Enciclopedia dei Ragazzi*, opened for them a magic door to world-knowledge which would not close again in their lifetime.

Here is Arthur Mee's great reward in the creating of the Children's Encyclopedia—"the book of my heart," as the romantic in him liked to call it—though he told the present writer that above all his many satisfactions in life was the founding of the Children's Newspaper, which he wished to be his

"monument." We may be sure that among his ultimate conscious thoughts as he was losing consciousness, alas, for ever, pending that grave operation at King's College Hospital on Thursday, May 27, was the C.N.

He has left a high and onerous heritage, as "none but himself can be his parallel"; but the spirit with which he infused the C.N. will not die and his beloved journal of the good life will continue, we may hope, for many a year in a world that greatly needs it, cared for by those whom he trained in his ways and who will carry on, endeavouring always to do what they feel would have his approval if he were still seated in his famous editorial room with its fine windows that command so inspiring a glimpse of the storied Thames. J. A. H.

## France Striving For Unity

THE flame of French resistance burns yet brighter. The event for which we have so long waited has happened. General de Gaulle and General Giraud have met on French soil at Algiers in the hope of establishing a unity which we trust will never again be broken. They were joined by a third General, Alphonse Georges, who fought against the invader and had just arrived from France, having escaped to give his services once more against the common enemy.

A third great piece of news is that a strong French fleet has joined the Allies, and will be a valuable addition to our forces in Mediterranean waters and beyond.

These events will hearten alike those who fight for Freedom and those who wait for Freedom.

## AMERICA'S SIX KEY MEN

President Roosevelt has set up a Committee of six outstanding leaders to aid him in speeding up the American war effort. Its head will be Mr James Byrnes, whose post as Director of Economic Stabilisation is being given to Judge Fred Vinson, who will also be on the Committee with the special task of fighting against inflation. Other members are the Secretaries of War and the Navy, and the chairmen of the Boards concerned with munitions and war production.

Among the duties of the Committee will be the prevention of overlapping between departments, and the speeding-up of decisions, and the President hopes that all the agencies concerned with the production and distribution of military and civilian supplies, materials, and products will in future work as one great unity.

## Peace Value of War Discoveries

In a lecture to the Royal Society the other day Dr K. T. Compton, President of the Massachusetts Institution of Technology, dealt with the peacetime organisation of scientists in the United States, and particularly with war inventions which have promise for the world when peace comes. It was already evident, he said, that many wartime developments would have useful peace applications.

It may be said with confidence that the methods of peace will undoubtedly gain by the lessons apparent in the movement of so many men and so much material during war. We may well believe also that the terrible destruction shown to be possible in the use of bombing aeroplanes, and the certain knowledge acquired that wars can no longer be confined to assaults on professional soldiers, will help to rid the world of war-like operations.

## THINGS SEEN

Whole loaves of bread in the waste of an Italian prisoners' camp in Yorkshire.

A hansom-cab trundling down Chancery Lane, driven by a cabby in a reefer coat of Victorian style.

A dog knocking at a door with his paw, at Sevenoaks.

## LITTLE NEWS REELS

AMERICA has just launched its 1000th Liberty ship, a type that is now being produced at the rate of nearly four a day.

Nazi industries are being moved from the Rhine district to the coalfields in South Hungary, near the Danube, which is being made ready for greatly increased transport services.

More than 60 million copies of a volume containing Marshal Stalin's speeches on the war have been published in the 90 languages spoken by the peoples of the Soviet Union.

Over 47,000 wagons, containing nearly half a million tons of seed potatoes, have been conveyed by rail from Scotland to England for this season's planting.

Fifty or more LMS trains still make daily non-stop runs of over 100 miles, and the 10 a.m. Glasgow-Longdon express still does the world-record non-stop run of the 299 miles between Carlisle and Euston.

Pan-American Airways has made 1400 Atlantic crossings in the last four years, with about 45,000 passengers.

Bank employees in England and Wales have given £14,000 to the Red Cross Penny-a-Week Fund.

Every road in Britain lined with fruit trees is the ideal advocated by the Town and Country Planning consultant to the West Suffolk County Council.

Canada's egg-drying plants had a production last year of nearly 12 million lbs, only 2 per cent being consumed in the Dominion.

Seeking a method of making rubber from wheat, Canada's National Research Laboratory has obtained promising results, and a pilot plant is under construction to provide necessary information for industrial production.

Sir Hugh Dowding, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief of Those Few who won the Battle of Britain, has been granted the only peerage in the King's Birthday Honours List.

## Youth News Reel

SOLDIERS in Tripoli who were Scouts before joining up issue their own news-sheet called The Tripoli Scouter.

Over 170 new Boys Brigade Companies have been formed in recent months.

The Red C. R. Montgomery, a brother of our famous General, was at one time Scoutmaster of the 1st Northfleet Scout Troop; he, also, was known to all his friends as Monty.

The 1st Glanllyn Welfare Troop has given no less than £234 to various charities.

Gault MacGowan, Scout District Commissioner for Brentford and Chiswick, who is a Special Correspondent in North Africa, has been awarded the Croix de Guerre by General Giraud.

The success of last year's Air Scout Training Camp has made it necessary to hold two this summer, one in the North and one in the South of England.

Although they number only ten the 1st Great Milton Brownie Pack has raised £8 5s for Mrs Churchill's Aid to Russia and the B.P. Memorial Fund.

The Canadian Air Cadet Corps has now 265 squadrons, with 21,000 cadets, and officially belongs to the Royal Canadian Air Force.

A 13-year-old Nottingham Scout, Derek Smith, wrote to General Montgomery asking whether he carried a Bible in his kit, and sending the best wishes of his Scout Troop; the reply came that the General always had a Bible in his kit.

## Lifeboat From the Skies

SEVEN airmen crowded in a rubber dinghy in the North Sea had the surprise of their lives the other day when a lifeboat slowly descended from the blue and settled on the waves close beside them.

The Halifax bomber plane in which the seven were returning from a raid on Dortmund had been forced down 60 miles from the English coast, so the men scrambled into their tiny dinghy and fired rockets.

The rockets were seen by the pilot of a Hudson on patrol who signalled the position of the dinghy to his base and circled round to await the rescue plane, another Hudson carrying a new type of craft never used on active service before.

It was a compact motor-lifeboat attached under the fuselage of the plane, and when the Hudson reached the scene it flew over the little craft, carefully calculating the strength and direction of the wind and descending to a height of about 1000 feet above the sea.

Then the excited seven saw the new miracle, for the lifeboat dropped from the plane, a parachute to which it was attached opened out, and it floated slowly down to settle gently on the water about 20 yards from them. So close indeed did it drop that for a moment they were terrified lest it should hit them.

The men quickly climbed on board to have yet another surprise. The lifeboat was fitted

with petrol engines which were speedily set in motion to carry them at six knots towards the English coast. The Hudson signalled the course to be taken, and a ship of the Navy came out to meet them. It was a very happy ending to a long night of danger, especially to five who were on their first raid.

The new air-borne lifeboat is the result of researches by Group Captain E. F. Waring, and is an amazingly efficient craft. It is fitted with special buoyancy tanks so that in whatever way it hits the roughest sea it will immediately float right side up, when it is literally uncapsizable.

## Freedom Handkerchiefs

President Roosevelt's Four Freedoms are being advertised in America in the design of handkerchiefs and scarves.

Thus, Freedom of Speech is represented by a picture of orators addressing groups of listeners.

Freedom of Religion is represented by people emerging from a church, a temple, and a mosque.

Freedom from Want is represented by piles of food, fruit, clothes, and other evidences of peace and plenty.

Freedom from Fear is suggested by a picture of children playing games and dancing round a maypole.



## WOOL SAVING

We do not know who holds the record for such work, but certainly the children of Gayton-le-Marsh, Lincolnshire, must rank high as wool-gatherers of a very practical sort.

They have gathered 65 pounds of it from the hedges, where it has been rubbed from the fleeces of sheep, and their rector, a gallant veteran of 82, is to spin it into yarn which the local WVS will knit for the use of Russian soldiers.

A naturalist once said that Nature intended the clothes moth to keep the hedges and thickets clear of wool shed in this way, for without their aid the world would gradually have become buried under the masses of wool shed year after year, century after century, by countless flocks of sheep. But the argument is not sound, for it is only the domesticated sheep that bears a heavy fleece.

## FOOD FROM AFRICA

The Ministry of Food has been specially delighted by the victory in North Africa, as adding to the African food supplies of our population.

From French Morocco and Tunisia it is hoped to obtain both dried fruit and sardines, and in addition ground nuts, palm kernels, and palm oil, so important to the maintenance of our supplies of fat. Other foods mentioned are cocoa and coffee and onions.

## SOYASAGES

There seems no end to the uses of the soya bean, and it is good news that a special soya flour is to take the place of the bread that took the place of the meat that has been long absent from our sausages.

Before the war the sausage, colloquially and universally known as the hot dog, was a succulent mystery, but recently, although the mystery has been maintained, often it has been about as appetising as a rubber tyre. Now that a proportion of soya flour is to be introduced we can be sure that mixed grills will be more satisfying, as well as more mixed.

## ORDER OF THE BATH

Somewhere in England is a company of girls on a balloon barrage site. Near by is a row of cottages, and though life is dull for the girls there are compensations.

One is the luxury of a hot bath. The folk who live in the cottages have not fires every day now, and so there is not always hot water, but whenever they do have a fire and hot water to spare they put in their window, the welcome and friendly notice, *Bath tonight*.

## All the Difference in the World

For us in the Northern hemisphere the season for summer campaigning is at hand; in Australia winter is approaching.

Many of us are apt to think of Australia as a land of perpetual sunshine, but the mountains of the eastern highlands of the continent are snow-capped through the winter; moreover, Australia has mountains less than 5000 feet high on which the snow never melts, a thing impossible in Europe. Even their snow-line is different from ours.

Such differences, in climate and seasons often perplex the untravelled. In 1697 William Congreve wrote a play in which a traveller, who declares that he has sailed the world, asserts to a

crony, "I have seen the Antipodes, where the sun rises at midnight and sets at noonday." In that age men never grasped even so well-known a fact as our peacetime wireless amateurs are familiar with, for those in Sydney call up London to say, "We have just finished work for the day; it is 6.5 p.m. here," and receive the answer, "We are about to have breakfast; it is 8 a.m. here." The late Lord Rayleigh, the great scientist, might almost have made his familiar riddle on Australia and Britain. The question ran, "What is the difference between the North Pole and the South Pole?" The answer is, "All the difference in the world."

## Young Farmers Play Their Part

Young Farmers' Clubs have the good wishes of all who are interested in welfare work for the rising generation, and the National Federation's Report for 1942 shows a gratifying increase in their strength. No fewer than 185 new clubs were formed, making a total at the end of the year of nearly 500. This progress has been well maintained since, and when the Federation had its annual meeting in London at the

end of May the number of clubs was 650, with 27,000 members. The Government has increased its support, recognising not only the value of these clubs to the Agricultural Drive for Victory (and they will play a great part in Mr Hudson's new Four-Year Plan for Food Output), but also their great achievements in the service of Youth.

Apart from their direct aid to increased food production the

activities of Young Farmers' Clubs are manifold. Two clubs in County Durham made a film for the Ministry of Information, other club members have broadcasted, and 60 young farmers walked in the Lord Mayor's Show and received a warm greeting from London. But though publicity is welcome it is not unduly sought; their work goes on quietly all the time, honoured but unsung.



### The Girl and the Machine

After only twelve months' training Ruby Loftus has acquired a degree of craftsmanship usually needing five years. Ruby and her machine, on which parts for Bofors guns are made, were painted by Dame Laura Knight for this year's Royal Academy Exhibition

## THE INNOCENTS

Inquiries by a newspaper reporter among children belonging to a class aged five to six show how much has been missed by little ones owing to the war.

A newspaper reporter found that not one member of the class could remember to have seen newspaper placards, or shop windows lighted up at night, or Brazil nuts, or grapefruit, or bananas. Indeed, as to bananas, it is reported from the Children's Hospital that when a box of the fruit arrived for them they refused to eat them, thinking they might be medicine.

A story from a London school tells how a sea shell was shown to a class of young children who were asked to name it. The teacher explained that it was a shell, upon which one smart boy said: "It can't be; shells only come out of guns."

## TOPSY TURVY NEST

A loyal ten-year-old reader of the C N, Margaret Eveleigh of Dorking, writes to tell us of a strange tit's nest that she has seen. It is inside three telescoped flower-pots standing upside down, and the mother bird goes through the three small holes to tend her eight little ones.

We should like to be on the spot when the eight fledglings come forth to get their first glimpses of the great big world beyond their flower-pot cradle.

## COOK

We have just heard this story about a happy Italian. He was taken prisoner in North Africa, and his captors set him to cook. For a day or two he cooked marvellously, serving up hot meals to the minute, and treating weary Britishers to rich fare.

Then the prisoner, who had enjoyed complete liberty, vanished, and the company gave him up for lost, but the next morning he came back. "Where have you been?" asked the British soldiers, and the cook said:

"The work was a bit too much for one man, so I have fetched my brother. And now you British shall have really first-class fare!"

## SAFEST LIFEBOAT

Britain has a new lifeboat for ships, and it is the safest in the world.

Capable of holding 55 passengers, it is the invention of Mr Francis Lowe, member of a famous shipping line, and experts have been astounded by its performance. Submerged by pressure, it springs to the surface immediately pressure is taken away, and it can also right itself from a list of 99 degrees, a great improvement on the ordinary ship lifeboat with its safety margin of 80 degrees.

## NEW MATERIALS

The Royal Institute of International Affairs has published a booklet named *Substitute Materials in War and Peace*, written by Professor Cecil Desch, scientific adviser to the Iron and Steel Research Council.

His pages deal with what has been accomplished in many countries in the pursuit of materials for peace and war. Not the least remarkable item is the production of the metal magnesium, which is lighter than aluminium, from sea water. The extraction process is simple, and compensates for the work of dealing with the great bulk of liquid which has to be handled.

Of great importance is the manufacture of synthetic petrol from coal and the production of artificial rubber.

It is stated that the Russians have found no fewer than 80 plants which yield a rubber-like material. It was known before the war that Italy had produced artificial wool from milk, and it is reported that the cloth for many Italian uniforms has been woven from this material.

## CHEAPER TOYS

A new order by the Board of Trade sets a limit to the price that can be charged for toys, and we are glad, for we have seen toys at monstrous prices. The top price for any toy or indoor game is to be limited to 24s 5d, inclusive of tax. To give retailers time to dispose of stocks bought at higher prices, the new order will not come into force until October 1.

## REPRIEVED

An American zoo has a bear who answers to the name of Lulu. This bear became sick a short time ago and caused a great deal of trouble to its keepers. They thought it would not get well so decided to administer a swift and merciful death.

They gave it an apple filled with deadly potassium cyanide, but with no result. Then they tried larger doses and afterwards seven cubes of strychnine, but Lulu instead of dying began to get better. She is now on a normal diet, and—reprieved!

## THE ROOK AND THE ROLL

We regret to hear that the war is apparently having a demoralising effect on rooks. At any rate, some of them in Lanarkshire have taken to stealing morning rolls.

Many rooks have their nests in trees on a new housing estate in this part of Scotland, and the birds are receiving fewer crumbs than usual. This means that they are more hungry, and their hunger, it seems, is making them wily.

## Luncheon Hours in Pleasant Places

THE lunch-hour concerts at the Royal Exchange have begun again, much to the delight of thousands of City workers who will patronise them with the same enthusiasm this year as last.

But all through the winter and the spring it has been possible to hear good music and good talks in many of the Wren churches which came out of the Blitz unscathed, and several of these churches have for years provided rest-rooms where employers and clerks alike may get a cup of coffee with the sandwiches they bring, and perhaps some intellectual refreshment too.

One of the most attractive of these places is the beautiful St

Dionis church hall, up a passage-way in Lime Street. There has not been a church of St Dionis for a long time, but it once stood beside the hall, which, though a new building, is a most charming example of the Early Georgian style. And if the outside is new, the inside contains much that is magnificently old, remnants of the church now disappeared.

Amid these gracious surroundings, with comfortable deckchairs to rest in and a rich carpet for their feet, City workers can sit and read or knit or chat, or listen to some intelligent speaker on arts or current affairs, and go back to their daily task with mind and body renewed, fortified against the strain of war.



June 12, 1943

The Children

## The EDITOR'S TABLE

### For the Children

THE thoughts of Arthur Mee, who passed on while last week's CN was being printed, were ever for the children. This was his final wish: Should any friends desire to buy a flower for me I beg that they will send a mite instead to some children's hospital with the simple words "For Arthur Mee."

### Remembrance

WHEREVER it may fall, each drop of rain  
Returns to join the sunlit seas again;  
The dead who leave this little world on earth  
Rejoin the endless world that gave man birth.

There's little in the world man can explain,  
But this we know: there is no loss or gain,  
Yet constant change, which no one can avoid,  
But nothing in the world can be destroyed.

The great Almighty and Eternal Power,  
Who shapes the world and each man's fleeting hour,  
And gives the guiltless infant life's first breath,  
Will surely not forsake him at his death.

E. Oxburgh

### TRIBUTE

ARTHUR MEE possessed in high degree the power of projecting his personality through the printed word so that thousands in unknown and remote places came to look upon him almost as a personal friend. He had the unfailing knack of being interesting, and communicated it, with its accompanying enthusiasm, to the many excellent writers he gathered round him. His influence was great.

The Times

ARTHUR MEE probably did more to educate the younger generation in their homes than any other man.

The Daily Sketch

HIS instinctive understanding of the nature of a child was implicit in everything he wrote.

News Chronicle

MILLIONS of children throughout the world will be saddened by the news that they have lost the friend who for 35 years never failed to enchant by his mastery of the art of giving them knowledge in story form. Each generation of boys and girls fell under his spell.

The Daily Mail

A DEVOUT Nonconformist, he worshipped England and held a religious conception of Britain's world mission.

The Manchester Guardian

### JUST AN IDEA

As Arthur Mee wrote, It is for you, Young England, to keep the faith that has brought mankind thus far, and not let it perish in these changing days.

## ARTHUR MEE

By His First Editor

Continued from page 1

he wrote a column of personal gossip before bedtime; and in the hours between he edited Black and White. He could do this work (which meant writing about a million words a year) because he had built up for himself perhaps the best journalist's system of quick reference that has ever been known. He had a quarter of a million newspaper cuttings and index references instantly available. He could turn up everything about anything at any time.

IN 1903 he began his association with the famous Harmsworth firm. He was Literary Editor of the Daily Mail in 1903-5, and then began the educational publications which sold in millions and have gone all over the world in fortnightly parts and bound volumes. The first was the Harmsworth Self-Educator; then came the Harmsworth History of the World; then the World's Great Books, Popular Science, and, of course, the Children's Encyclopedia, mother of the Children's Newspaper.

Arthur Mee's qualification for work on educational lines was that his own education had been carried on simultaneously with a working life eager and intense, through a series of enthusiasms, and was made possible by the fact that he has a memory without leakages. His editorship of Black and White turned his thoughts towards the illustration of educative books, and to a love of art which ever since has been a notable feature of his publications. It sent him to Egypt and Greece and Rome as a holiday resort for a succession of years and made his collection of reproductions of the art of all nations probably one of the best in the world.

It was the upgrowth of his daughter Marjorie that led to the publication of the Children's Encyclopedia, into which he put all that he thought a child should learn, in a form that any child could understand. It was a new idea in the world, so new that Alfred Harmsworth's firm was afraid of it. For a year it lay on Arthur Mee's desk unpublished, and even when it came out it seemed doomed to fail. Well Arthur Mee remembered walking by the Thames on a summer's day feeling that his great dream was a bitter failure. Then a bold stroke saved it, and the Children's Encyclopedia leaped into fame and victory.

Failure was suddenly averted and changed into success beyond his dreams, for the CE has been, and continues to be, an enormous success over all the English-speaking world.

While all this work has swallowed up his time, Arthur Mee has had energy enough left to produce about eighty single volumes which have won wide circulation—anthologies of beau-

tiful, famous, and everlasting things, lives of heroes, books about England (his Little Treasure Island, as it has always been to him), and a small host of others. As he has given the world a Children's Encyclopedia and a Children's Newspaper, so has he given us a Children's Shakespeare and a Children's Bible. But perhaps the books that he loved most to do were his books on England and the Empire; his King's England volumes, to which he gave ten hard years of his life, were truly an act of homage to the country that had given to him his opportunity. They were a work of love to him.

THESE individual volumes, produced by Arthur Mee in the odd hours of one of the busiest lives in Fleet Street, have reached a circulation of over a million. The books he wrote for the Prohibition Crusade in the Great War (when he gave a year of his life to rouse public opinion on the Drink Question and spoke and wrote incessantly to vast audiences of people) sold in millions. His educational works have also sold in millions, and it was a Government Committee which paid them the highest compliment that could be paid them. After surveying all our children's papers they chose two for mention by name, both Arthur Mee's, of which they said that they were "excellent and attractive enough to need no recommendation from authority."

It is the Children's Newspaper which, in his later years, is illustrating most completely the aim and tone of its editor's life-work. The coming of peace after the Great War was his opportunity; on the first Spring day when the war was over the Children's Newspaper made its bow to the world; and since then, week by week, Arthur Mee has been telling the story of the world today for the men and women of tomorrow with an unconquerable faith in goodness and progress.

"When in doubt, try Arthur Mee," said the Sunday Times, and so it is that in the Children's Newspaper Arthur Mee is read not only in the Homeland and the Empire, not only by our own folk and by the children of the coloured races who are being trained into civilisation, but in many other lands.

ARTHUR MEE's home is in Kent—at Eynsford, overlooking the Darent Valley? There, on what was a bare hilltop, he made what he likes to call the Gate of Heaven, and there, when he can get away from the stress and strain of a little room in London, he thinks and dreams and works, planning new worlds to conquer with his love of England and all things fair.

JOHN DERRY

Goodbye all of you.  
Farewell, England.  
A. M.



### Cathedral Art Gallery

Girls of Chichester High School studying paintings at an Art Exhibition held in Chichester Cathedral

### SITUATION STILL VACANT

Wanted, an assistant for a magician.

PETER PUCK saw this advertisement and thought it more astonishing than all the Things Seen we have ever published. He saw it outside a shop, in one of those display cases that in happier times used to tell of pianofortes anxious to tune, charlades wishing to char, and plumbers willing to plumb; and after rubbing his eyes to make sure he was not "seeing things" decided it was a Things Seen for which a grateful Editor would duly reward him, a Things Seen related to Things Unseen!

Then, on reflection, it seemed to warrant a little more attention. Here, surely, was an advertisement to answer. Here, surely, was a golden opportunity to step right out of the war and into fairy realms, a chance for Peter Puck to play Ariel to some Prospero. There was magic in the very idea of applying for this job, conjuring up an entry into secret places, an open sesame to the inaccessible.

But what would the job involve? Obviously magicians are not common clay, but what qualifications are essential in their assistants? Must one have served an apprenticeship in alchemy, or have been a graduate in sorcery? Or is it enough merely to have an aptitude for acquiring rabbits that shall miraculously appear from hats and vanish in due season?

Reflection induces more reflection, and Peter Puck, with a dawning fear that the job would

be beyond his powers, began to ponder on its disadvantages. Not for the assistant the roll of drums presaging yet another demonstration of the magician's art. Not for him the deafening plaudits of a mystified but satisfied audience. No sharing by him of the triumph in a hushed theatre as the magic box is opened to reveal that the Lady has Vanished. All the hard work behind the scenes, perhaps, but none of the glory before the footlights. At the end of the week, too, might not his wages disappear with one touch of the magician's wand, even more completely than wages do at present under Sir Kingsley Wood's baleful sorcery?

He, who reflects too much adventures too little. Peter Puck had lost his chance. 'Tis not in mortals to command success in magic, he decided, and, risking no chance of becoming a square peg in a magic circle, he went on his humdrum, workaday way.

### THIS KIND WORLD

The inmates of an endowed hospital for old folk at Lichfield had a pleasant surprise when they returned from morning service the other day and found American soldiers waiting to give each of them a 4-oz tin of tobacco. The Americans said they had read of attempts made in Parliament to get a concession on the tobacco tax for old people, and it had touched them. What is more, they promised to call every week to look after these old folk.



# OURSELVES AND THE WORLD

FOREIGNERS in this land of ours, which many of them have always thought so queer, are at last becoming used to our ways after three or four years in exile among us. It may well be that they do not even yet understand us, but they are beginning to like us.

That is important, for we have not been liked in the past as much as we were inclined to think, simply because we have never been understood. This is not unnatural, seeing what an extraordinary people we really are, without knowing it—at least, extraordinary to Continental eyes.

We are not a Continental people, and never have been. We do not share Continental ways, for we live on an island and fix our gaze on the Seven Seas. We have never bothered in the least about being liked or disliked, but in the world of the future that is a more serious matter than it was in the past. We happen to be an exceptionally reserved people, without being in the least commodeous; but on the Continent that reserve has been mistaken for chilly aloofness, stand-offishness, and lofty conceit, which it certainly is not.

## Britain's Sea-Trench

We happen to have a genius for compromise without weakness, which makes our ways appear inconsistent at times to people who are too fond of logic; and so we get the unmerited reputation for a peculiar kind of hypocrisy. We happen to have been able to work out our special idea of individual freedom coupled with consideration for the other fellow because our sea-trench has kept us, for many centuries safe from the other fellow's unfriendly designs. For this reason we have continually been accused of ignorance of European problems.

Suppose the accusation were true, it would still not be a very grave sin. But since Mr Churchill and Mr Roosevelt have given a very big place to Europe in the Atlantic Charter, it is at least a good thing that thousands of exiles from the Continent, from years of enforced residence within our shores, should begin to understand us.

Many of them are at last discovering that it is impossible to understand an old, rather peculiar, and very stubborn nation from hearsay. "You're so much nicer than we ever thought," is

what has been said of us often since the war began, especially by the exiles from lands at war with us. There are German, Austrian, and Hungarian women working as domestic helps in British homes, or as waitresses in town teashops and country guest-houses here, who would tell you readily now that, of course, the British have their faults, but they are very kind.

And then they remember something else, and thank God they are free in a land of freedom, free to work and to worship without fear, and to speak as they please without looking over a shoulder to see if anyone is listening, to smile, yes, and to sing. They realise that we want them to have a chance to breathe and live and work and rest as we do, that we don't shout "Hi, you foreigner, hurry up with my lunch, and be glad you're graciously permitted to be my waitress." That sentence goes pretty well in German, but not in English. We prefer to say please and thank you, and leave a tip under the plate.

## Garibaldi

That is ordinary decency, we think; not kindness. There is one enemy nation which has never credited us with any other way of dealing with the other fellow, and that is Italy. Quisling Mussolini may do his worst, but he cannot prevent many of the Italian people from liking us. The Eighth Army, their experts have told them, is the best fighting force in the world. We think so too. Possibly by the time that army is ready to land on the shores of Italy some Italian leader strong enough to smash the grip of the Duce will reassert what all sensible Italians know—that Britain is not only a formidable foe, but the best friend in the world.

Long ago the great Italian Garibaldi laid a curse on any countryman of his who should create enmity between his country and ours, and, although his renegade grandson has lined up with Mussolini, there are many millions of Italians who have not forgotten Garibaldi.

## Atlantic Halfway House

AMERICAN aerial transport companies are looking ahead today beyond the war. One of them, a powerful organisation, has filed an application for the right to construct a series of what it calls seadromes, placed 800 miles apart and stretching across the Atlantic.

They will have a landing-stage for planes seventy feet above the sea, and their weight and size will, it is stated, make them little more influenced than dry land by the swell and toss of the ocean waves. Here, if all that is promised is fulfilled, land-planes of short range will be able to alight and refuel. Passengers will not only take meals at these seahouses, but will be invited to break their journey and spend a holiday on the mid-sea structures.

But will they accept such invitations? Said Glendower to

Hotspur, "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," to which Hotspur answered, "Why, so can I, or so can any man; but will they come when you do call for them?" That is the point with the seadrome invitations to holidaymakers.

When railways were first opened over 100 years ago nobody believed passengers would endure the fatigue of an unbroken journey from London to Glasgow, so the London and North-Western Railway built a sumptuous hotel at the midway point between the two cities, in the hope that travellers would alight and sleep the night before resuming their way. There it stands today, great and spacious beyond its needs, for the hardy travellers completed their journey without a break even then, and do so now, without a thought of the bother of it all.

June 12, 1943

# CARRY ON

## We Must Think Universally

WE are exhorted to think imperially, and no one will deny the loftiness and wisdom of that appeal. We must think imperially in science, or we misread the universe; in politics, or we shall wreck the empire; in commerce, or we shall drift to bankruptcy; in morals, or we shall leave half our duties forgotten and see half our life spoiled. But the phrase is scarcely large enough. We must think in cosmic terms! We must feel ourselves part of the whole system of things, touching all lives and all forces, and touched by all. We must think of the universe, not in fragments, but (as its Maker planned it and thinks of it) as a unit, an ordered kingdom knitted together through all its forms and to its utmost boundaries by relationships so close that they cannot be escaped, yet so subtle that they can hardly be realised.

C. W. Saleeby

## WORDSWORTH'S FAITH

... that tyrannic power is weak,  
Hath neither gratitude, nor faith,  
nor love,  
Nor the support of good or evil men  
To trust in; that the godhead  
that is ours  
Can never utterly be charmed or  
stilled;  
That nothing hath a natural right  
to live  
But equity and reason; that all  
else  
Meets foes irreconcilable and, at  
best,  
Lives only by variety of disease.  
From The Prelude

## Six Things Benjamin Franklin Said

THE busy man has few idle visitors; to the boiling pot the flies come not.  
Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.  
Industry pays debts; despair increases them.  
A wise man will desire no more than he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.  
The rotten apple spoils his companions.  
We are not so sensible of the greatest health as of the least sickness.

## Mark Twain's Goodnight

This is what Mark Twain wrote for his wife's tomb:

WARM summer sun,  
Shine kindly here.  
Warm southern wind,  
Blow softly here.  
Green sod above,  
Lie light, lie light.  
Goodnight, dear heart,  
Goodnight, goodnight.

## Footprints On The Sands of Time

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
Life is but an empty dream,  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each tomorrow  
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.  
Longfellow

## ALL THINGS ARE ONE

No fact is isolated. No event is solitary. No force works alone. No life exists but as part of all other lives. The nerve system of the body, which links all its organs into consciousness, is only a symbol of the close-knitted relationship which binds the whole system of things into unity. An astronomer watching the disc of the sun sees a pulse of

more vivid light sweep across part of its surface. It is an electric storm, kindling the flame of the sun over a certain area to a new intensity. And in every observatory on earth the electrical instruments record what is happening!

These vibrate in rhythm to that pulse of energy in the far-off sun.  
W. H. Fitchett

## These Things Endure

THE pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts in youth,  
The impulse to a wordless prayer,  
The dreams of love and truth;  
The longings after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The strivings after better hopes,  
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth  
to aid  
A brother in his need,  
The kindly word in grief's dark  
hour  
That proves a friend indeed;  
The plea for mercy gently  
breathed  
When justice threatens high,  
The sorrow of a contrite heart,  
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,  
The pressure of a kiss,  
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,

That make up love's first bliss;  
If with a firm unchanging faith,  
And holy trust on high,  
Those hands have clasped, those  
lips have met,  
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,  
That wounded as it fell;  
The chilling want of sympathy,  
We feel but never tell;  
The hard repulse that grieves the  
heart

Whose hopes were bounding high  
In an unfading record kept,  
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand  
Must find some work to do;  
Lose not a chance to waken love,  
Be firm, and just, and true;  
So shall a light that cannot fade  
Beam on thee from on high,  
And angel-voices say to thee,  
These things shall never die.

Sarah Doudney



THIS ENGLAND Feeding the calves in a Westmorland farmyard near Windermere



## THE UNDERGROUND WAR

Not just a few French patriots, but all Frenchmen except for a few wretched quislings, are ready and waiting for the hour of liberation which may strike at any moment.

So far from being cowed by the brutalities of Hitler and his fawning serf Laval, the spirit of the French people is higher than ever. Too high for discretion sometimes, for the Nazis would dearly love to witness and suppress a rising which came too soon. Nevertheless, the active struggle goes on while far bigger preparations are being made, and some idea of the situation has now been given by a French M.P., M. Fernand Grenier, who represents the industrial suburb of St Denis in Paris.

Quite apart from the constant opposition to the deportations to forced labour in Germany, there are three important organisations conducting the active fight. First is the general underground movement, concerned with propaganda by the secretly printed newspapers passed from hand to hand, and by the spreading of BBC news from mouth to mouth. This keeps the spirit of revolt alive all over France.

Still more dramatic is the work of the francs-tireurs and the partisans. These francs-tireurs (free-lances) hold themselves free to shoot all German invaders and their traitorous Vichy tools. The difference between the two groups is very interesting, for the francs-tireurs go about their ordinary work until some very special work is ready. Then they meet at an appointed place for a specific task; perhaps to

blow up an important military bridge, to disorganise transport, to sabotage a power-station or munitions-works, to "liquidate" a given body of Occupation troops. The task completed, they separate, and become apparently harmless and conquered slaves of the Nazis once more.

The partisans, on the other hand, are permanent and professional francs-tireurs. They are never seen carrying on their occupations in shop or office. They live as outlaws, and their life is the carrying out of large-scale operations, such as when they derailed a train and killed 250 of Hitler's bullies. For the past 18 months these commandos have been under the orders of a military committee which has regional branches in Paris, Picardy, Normandy, Brittany, Burgundy, and other places. The committee publishes regular handbooks on guerilla warfare, and secret sheets giving news of operations.

Among the francs-tireurs who have already paid the death penalty for their heroism was Charles Debarge, a young miner from the Lens district, 25 years old, who with a few comrades carried out 50 important exploits against the Nazis in 18 months, but was eventually betrayed and shot. Such men as this, if captured, are subjected to frightful tortures for days in the endeavour to get them to betray others; yet 95 per cent refuse to utter a word.

## A New London PLANNING ON A NOBLE SCALE

A plan for the development and rebuilding of London when peace comes is now ready, and the Leader of the L.C.C. has already spoken of its aims. It is not enough to plan a London that shall have beautiful vistas and dignified panoramas; it must also be planned as a place where millions can live happily and work happily, and we give these extracts from Lord Latham's speech not only because he speaks with the voice of authority, but because he takes a high view of his trusteeship.

LONDON must continue as a place where its people can live and work and play in healthy and convenient surroundings; its essential industry and commerce must be preserved and catered for, while conforming to the over-riding requirements of public amenity. Moreover, industry must be made to keep itself clean, and to cease to be a dirt distributing agency or a means of perpetrating ugliness. Science and design have shown that this can be done. In planning London it is not sufficient only to make certain parts of the West End beautiful: we must also make the East End livable and beautiful—why not?

Good planning must take account of these considerations, while it must also seek to open up the congested areas of London, to provide adequate open spaces fairly distributed, to improve communications, and to make the roads safer; it must lower the density, both of dwellings and of other buildings, and thus let light and air into those dark and noisome places from which both have been cast out for wellnigh a century.

The vital lifeline of London—the Thames—must retain its due place as a great fertilising artery of human activity, and at the same time its fine beauty and amenity must be opened up by a wider public access. All this and much more must be aimed at. I am satisfied that in these and other respects the plan prepared will not be found wanting.

THE C.N. considers this a noble concept, finely expressed. The well-being of millions is affected by this Plan for a Better London, and, though practical considerations must necessarily hold sway, they must not be allowed to swamp great ideals. London is the Capital of Empire and must be made worthy of its title.

## WHY ELIZABETH WENT TO WAR

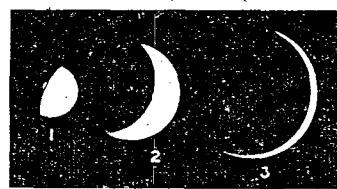
Moscow has had a Youth Week, and we take this from a speech made by a guerilla fighter known as Elizabeth.

I went back to visit my home town and the mill where I worked before the war. Instead of the mill where 10,000 people used to work there was a pile of ruins. There was no electricity, no water, no life in the town. Every one of the eight schools had been demolished, and the Germans had razed the new hospital to the ground. They had hanged my friend Zina outside the window of her home because she refused to give them her coat and mittens. When I saw all this I had to do something.

## IF VENUS HAD A MOON The Planet's Changing Phases

THE planet Mars, writes the C.N. Astronomer, is becoming better placed for observation in the morning sky before daybreak, when he may be seen appearing like a reddish first-magnitude star rather low down in the south-east. As Mars is the brightest object in that part of the heavens there can be no mistaking him, but on June 26 the crescent Moon will appear a little way below him, making identification certain, though the twilight sky will render him inconspicuous.

At present his radiance is slight compared with that which will be displayed when Mars is in the evening sky toward the end of the year. He will then be only some 50 million miles from us, whereas at present he is about 120 million miles distant. During this time our world will be gradually gaining on Mars, getting nearer to him in fact,



Venus now, at the end of July, and at the end of August

and so he will gradually appear brighter to us, and also larger when seen through a telescope. Mars will eventually appear almost as bright as Jupiter, and as these planets will then be together in the evening sky it will be easy to compare them.

The Earth is gaining on Mars because she travels faster, speeding at about 18½ miles a second as compared with an average of 15 miles a second for Mars; moreover the Earth has the inner orbital track and is thus helped to gain on Mars.

Now that Jupiter is becoming lost in the twilight and sunset glow, Venus remains the solitary glory of the evening sky. She continues to increase in brilliance as she comes nearer to us and her apparent diameter grows. How this comes about is made clear by the picture of the apparent size and phase of Venus at the present time, as compared with her crescent phase when appearing at her greatest brilliancy near the end of July, and her phase when she is almost at her nearest to us at the end of August, and only a slender and fast-diminishing crescent is visible, her naked-eye brilliance

being then considerably reduced. How greatly it would have added to the charm of Venus if she had possessed a moon such as the Earth has; for then we should have seen a second small replica of Venus with rapidly changing phases first on one side of Venus and then the other. To the eye it would at times shine like a first-magnitude star if it was as large as our Moon and, if as distant from Venus as our Moon is from the Earth, it would appear at times to be nearly the apparent width of our Moon away from Venus.

This would happen when Venus was approaching her nearest to us and at intervals of a fortnight, during which time this supposed Moon would travel alternately from one side to the other of Venus, sometimes passing above and sometimes below the planet. More rarely the Moon would pass in front of or behind Venus, thus adding immensely to the telescopic interest if such a Venusian satellite system existed.

## Both Sides of the Moon

Now, while such a charming spectacle is denied us on our world, yet it is precisely the scene presented by the Earth and Moon to any possible observers on Mars when our world and Mars are in similar relative positions. As seen from Venus the spectacle would be even finer because the whole face of the Moon as well as that of the Earth would be fully lit up by the Sun when at their nearest to her, whereas as seen from Mars no more than phases, such as are shown in the picture, would be evident.

But in one respect observers on both Mars and Venus would have a great advantage over us terrestrial mortals, it would be possible for them to see both sides of our Moon, a gratification which is for ever denied to our inquisitive vision. G. F. M.

## Friend of a Backward Tribe

MISS ANNA L. EVENS, the oldest Quaker worker in India, has, at the age of 86, spent five days in what she calls "real camp" so as to be able to visit the backward tribe of the Ojhas.

For about eight years before she retired, 20 years ago, Anna Evens used to visit the Ojha villages on the Satpura hills during the cold weather, taking them medicines and telling them about Christianity. Then she went to another district and saw little of them. But they did not forget her. The tribe multiplied and a group of about 200 moved to a new village in the Central Provinces, and from there they sent a message asking Anna Evens to visit them.

Two strong men arranged the journey and went with Miss Evens, whose sight is failing, and she was thrilled by the

welcome she got. She could see the difference in the people well enough; when she had worked among them they had suffered two famines, their children were wild and untaught, and they lived in grass houses. Now she found well-built houses of brick or mud, and the Ojhas in much better health.

"Why did you want me?" she asked, and was told, "We want someone to love us, and then we could learn." They were looked down on by the farmers for whom they worked and who did not seem to wish them to be educated.

Miss Evens found out some of the difficulties and promised to do what she could, and an Indian Friend has now gone to live among these people and is hoping to arrange schooling for them.

## BEDTIME CORNER Ebenezer

OLD EBENEZER was the happiest man in Little Cayton. At last he had a war job.

At Willow Cottage that morning they had just finished breakfast, and Kay's mother was surprised to see the old man coming along the lane. Kay saw him too and ran out to meet him.

"Are you the new postman?" she asked. For all the village knew that Millie had gone off to be a land girl, and there was nobody left in the post office but Bob Harris.

"New?" laughed Ebenezer, as he took the flower she

offered him. "That's a good one. That is a good one! Why, I was postman in your granddad's time. And now," he added proudly, "they're glad to have the old one back."

"Where's Mr Bob?" asked Kay.

"Poor Bob's in bed with a sore head," replied Ebenezer. "You see," he explained, "it were like this. Bob was riding along on his bicycle last night when he ran into something that didn't ought to be there—sticking out, it was, right across the road. It was a wild night last night, and no mistake, and what with the wind and the rain Bob had his head down and didn't notice it; before you could say Jack Robinson he was thrown clean over the handlebars."

"Oh dear!" Kay exclaimed. "Was he badly hurt?"

"Well, not to say too badly," said Ebenezer. "He was cut about a bit and shaken up, and doctor says he must bide quiet for a little. And so, you see," the old man wound up, "there's nobody left but me. The boys laugh at my long beard, but it would never do for little girls like you to miss letters from their daddies these days, would it?"

"Is there one from my daddie?" inquired Kay.

There was. And then there were at least two happy people in Little Cayton.





The Children's Newspaper, June 12, 1943

7

# TREK FROM BURMA

## A March Through Pathless Jungles

ONE of the most heroic treks in history was undertaken after the Burmese city of Rangoon fell into Japanese hands.

A party of British and Allied soldiers, women, and children trudged through the pathless jungles of Burma to the India border. They walked 500 miles on foot, and the story of their great endurance has now been told by the Revd George Tidey, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, who went with them.

The journey began in the height of the hot weather, at the breaking of the monsoon, and lay for the most part through pathless jungle. Here is the heaviest rainfall in the world, 400 inches falling in four months.

At the very beginning one man was down with dysentery, and the convalescents could not bear long marches or heavy burdens. The missionaries with the party decided that everyone should share alike in work and food, and that the party must go at the pace of the slowest, never leaving a man behind. On one of the first evenings an RAF plane dropped food by parachute. It fell two miles away from the party, and two weary people went back to collect the sacks. There was no shelter when the first storm burst upon them, but the path still permitted the passage of trucks and jeeps for the luggage, and at night everyone huddled beneath their shelter.

### Stuck Fast in the Mud

The jeeps often stuck fast in the mud. "When we lifted them with every ounce of strength," says Mr Tidey, "all that happened was that we sank deeper into the mud, and the jeep stayed where she was. One man fell flat on his back in the deep mud, and we were still fresh enough in those days to think it was funny and have a good laugh." Before long all vehicles had to be abandoned.

The difficulties were not only mud and shortness of food, but complete lack of information as to the proper route. In one place the authorities had put up a notice for refugee bands: "Entrance to the Hukawng Valley: certain death for women and children."

Soon the Chinese were carrying their wounded on litters—yet making astonishing progress. At night, when a halt was made, the RAF would come with small supplies of food, but even when it

fell in the clearings it was not safe, for sometimes an attempt would be made to drag it away as private loot, and some fell in the jungle at considerable distances.

On the way the party were presented with an elephant called Maggie, and she proved of tremendous help, carrying food and luggage, ferrying the sick across rivers; and it was merely an accident that her habit was to sling water from her trunk at anybody who was walking immediately behind her.

### The Patient Missionaries

Soon the party passed other refugee columns still on their way. Some were starving; some were sick with fever; many were dying. Weariness was intense; tempers were short. A Cameronian cook said one morning, "You know what beats me about you missionaries is where you get your patience from."

As they approached the second river of the journey (the swift current would have made crossing impossible for the women and children and the sick if it had not been for Maggie) it was found that a child was about to be born of an Indian mother. The doctor remained behind and joined the party later, having seen a daughter safely born.

At the bitterest struggle of the journey, in rain and mud and weariness and sickness, the missionaries acted as "whippers-in," going at the pace of the slowest, helping to night-camp those who could hardly crawl, going back to collect stragglers, enduring the immense strain of those on litters.

On and on they went in this way, till one day they rounded a corner and could see far below them the railway lines of Ledo. Then they all began to laugh and talk, and someone started up the hymn, "Now thank we all our God." Surely it was never sung with greater thankfulness.

## THE BIRMINGHAM BOOK

THE famous firm of Cadbury, which has done so much to bring sweetness and light into some parts of Greater Birmingham, has published a little book to stimulate the interest of its young people in the future development of their city.

It is called "Our Birmingham—the Birmingham of our Forefathers and the Birmingham of our Grandsons," and is sold by the University of London Press at 1s.

The book describes how the city began and developed, with special stress on the initiative shown by its great pioneers during the 18th and 19th centuries. A graphic account of the work of the City Council during the past century leads up to a survey of Birmingham as it is today, and to some graphic suggestions for correcting the

mistakes in housing, road-planning, and so on, which have been made in the past.

Old prints, photographs, and an excellent series of maps, plans, and diagrams illustrate the facts set out in the text, and some of these have been taken from a portfolio of sketches and plans made by scholars of the Gower Street Senior Boys' School, Aston.

At the end of each section are suggestions for organised work by boys and girls which will enable them to take a lively and intelligent interest in the future of the Birmingham in which they will live and work.

The reorganisation of our big industrial towns is one of our most vital tasks, and it would be an excellent thing if other towns would produce books like this, a truly inspiring compilation.

## The Raft on the Shark's Back

EIGHT American sailors never want to see a shark again as long as they live. For 20 days the men tossed about the Caribbean on a tiny raft after being torpedoed. Sharks found the bottom of the raft an ideal barnacle scraper, and night and day the sailors were annoyed by the huge creatures rubbing their backs against the raft.

Then one of the men, a Texan, had a bright idea. We are useful to the fish, he said, and they can be useful to us, in fact they can save our lives. He collected shirts and wove a fishing line from them. He fashioned a fish-hook from the precious tin-opener, and with this contraption they soon caught a small fish. Then the Texan made a six-foot sea anchor rod into a hook, and with the small fish as bait, threw it overboard. After that it was just a matter of hauling in the big sharks, killing them, and eating shark meat for breakfast, lunch, and dinner!

The next thing the men thought of was to make a sail out of the remains of their shirts, and by this means they travelled 150 miles until they were rescued alive and well—thanks to the unwilling cooperation of sharks.

## The Victory of the Factories

Let us not forget the debt owing to the men and women who have so brilliantly supplied not only our British Armies in North Africa but also our Allies with the means to wage modern war.

We can form some conception of this debt by setting out the power of the Allies in Tunisia compared with the enemy's. The proportions are reported to be a British superiority of seven to one in armoured cars, of three to one in artillery, of ten to one in tanks, of three to one in planes. As to personnel, the Allied superiority has been variously stated as from three to one to five to one, but no manpower superiority could have performed its task so thoroughly, without an overwhelming superiority in weapons, which in use were found to be as efficient as they were great in number.

It is indeed a marvellous achievement, the arming of the Allied troops in North Africa, to say nothing of the naval skill which transported troops and arms with relatively small loss.

### A NEW IDEA ON A FARM

Out of the brain of a clever farmer in Kent has come something new on the farms of England.

It is nothing less than a barn made of straw. The straw walls rise to a good height, fastened to rustic poles about 12 feet apart, and the barn can be built quickly to last for years. It is an excellent breakwind, with no roof, yet it is quite adequate for the protection of the cattle. We have seen one of these straw barns and have been greatly impressed by its sound appearance and its obvious efficiency.

## THE PILOT'S LAST FRIEND

Brave lives are being saved by birds, feathery messengers that bring home news of the plight and location of air crews adrift far out at sea, winged bearers of many an SOS.

One of the last acts in a distressed aircraft when the wireless fails is the release of a pigeon bearing an SOS. Often it is the only hope of contact with the Home Base. The fate of the crew may depend on the bird delivering the message, and help being sent in good time.

And in that greatest of all races, the race with death, the gallant little messenger travels for mile on weary mile homeward bound. Over land and sea, through wind and rain, it beats its lonely way, not pausing for a meal, as if always with one aim, one object: the SOS in the tiny tube attached to one of its legs must get through.

"These birds are symbolical of English life, courage, and the will-power to endure," an RAF Pigeon Officer told a CN writer. "Sometimes they come back exhausted or wounded, just managing to scrape home with the message."

He spoke of Winkie who returned from a flight all wet and oil-stained. The Beaufort in which she had gone had crashed in the sea and the crew had taken to a dinghy. Planes were sent in search and the rescue was effected, but it was Winkie who initiated help for the stranded men.

Then he told of an air-gunner who had no use for pigeons, no faith in them at all. When he arrived at his base one day with an empty wicker-basket he was asked where the pigeon was. "I released it 140 miles out at sea," he replied. "You will never see it again, I reckon."

Meanwhile, in a neighbouring

town, watch was being kept, and shortly afterwards a pigeon fancier reported to the RAF Station that the bird had reached its loft safe and sound.

The air-gunner was informed too. "Well, I'm blessed!" he gasped. "Who would have thought it!" Never again did he take the air without full confidence in the messenger.

Pigeons can cover 40 miles an hour, although some have been known to reach a speed of 60, even finding their way home in the dark. Recently, in the Western Desert, a pigeon flew 870 miles, one of the most remarkable flights ever recorded.

The Pigeon Service is not confined to the RAF. The Army and Home Guard also have pigeon units, the birds being employed in conveying operational messages, often "getting through" when all other methods of communication fail.

The tiny containers in which RAF messages are carried are blue in colour, those of the Army and Home Guard being bright red.

### Demand of Scottish Women

By the Scottish Committee for Women's Social Welfare

We are rationed for tea, sugar, butter, margarine, butcher meat, bacon, cereals, sweets, fuel.

As housewives we demand the rationing of alcoholic liquors.

They use up barley and sugar, fuel and transport.

Tons of barley and tons of sugar go to the breweries every day.

War has made it almost impossible to buy any kind of boys' bicycle today, but remember that when bicycles are again obtainable you must have a B.S.A. They're stronger, lighter, faster and better made in every detail.

## BSA THE BICYCLE YOU CAN'T BEAT

You may still have a free Catalogue if you send a 1d. stamp to  
B.S.A. CYCLES LTD. (DEPT. N2/6), BIRMINGHAM, 11



# THE BRAN TUB

## Jacko Lends a Hand



FATHER JACKO was consulting some gardening books in the Monkeyville Public Library. The library was an imposing place, where people moved about quietly and spoke in hushed tones, not to disturb their neighbours. Jacko, who had nothing better to do, brought the books from the counter over to Father's table. Unfortunately he tried to carry too many at a time. Suddenly the bottom one of the pile slipped, and the next minute they were all in a heap on the floor.

### Declined With Thanks

THERE once was a huge chimpanzee who lived in a very tall tree, And he said, "It is true I was asked to the Zoo, But a life full of freedom for me!"

### HOW MANY STAIRS?

GEORGE was an energetic boy, and he was in the habit of running upstairs. He noticed in connection with one flight of stairs that when he went up two steps at a time there was an odd stair over. He then went up three steps at a time, and found two over. On trying four steps at a time there were three over.

There were between twenty and thirty steps altogether. What was the exact number?

Answer next week

### EYE TEST

TAKE a pound note and in the top righthand corner of the front you will see a number, say 936024. How many of these figures do you think can be covered by a sixpence? After you have made your guess take a sixpence and try. The result will probably astonish you.

### The Spring Clean

AN old cottager was sitting outside his dwelling surrounded by his household goods. "Poor old man," said a kind-hearted lady, as she handed him a ten-shilling note. "Been turned out by a cruel landlord, no doubt."

"No," replied the cottager, as he pocketed the money. "It's merely that my wife is spring cleaning."

### A Riddle to Himself

SQUEAKED a thoughtful old Bat  
"On my word,  
I'm a mixture that's truly absurd.  
With my wings tough as leather  
That can't show a feather  
I'm a sort of an Animal-Bird!"

### A CHAIN VERSE

CHAIN verse is verse in which the last word or words or syllable of a line becomes the first of the next line, and so on all through the poem. Here is a clever example:

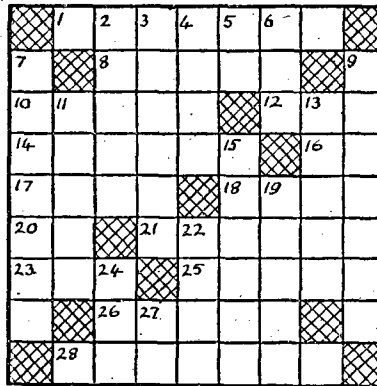
#### TRUTH

Nerve thy soul with doctrines noble,  
Noble in the walks of time,  
Time that leads to an eternal,  
An eternal life sublime;  
Life sublime in moral beauty,  
Beauty that shall ever be;  
Ever be to lure thee onward,  
Onward to the fountain free.  
Free to every earnest seeker,  
Seeker for the Fount of Youth,  
Youth exultant in its beauty,  
Beauty of the living Truth.

### Charade

A WORD of letters two,  
A preposition reckoned,  
My first is; and you'll find  
Men always wear my second.  
My third stands for myself.  
My fourth prevents an entrance.  
My whole the judge does to a case  
Before he passes sentence.

Answer next week



### OTHER WORLDS

IN the evening Venus and Jupiter are in the west. In the morning Mars is in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9.30 Double Summer Time, on Thursday evening, June 10.



### The Wonder of Figures

TAKE the number ten and multiply it by itself thus:  $10 \times 10 = 100$ . Now multiply 100 by itself and you get  $100 \times 100 = 10,000$ . Go on doing this twenty times, and how many figures do you think there will be in the answer? You will get tired long before you have finished, for the answer will be a one followed by 1,048,576 noughts.

Now take the number 15 and multiply it by itself. The result is 225. Multiply 225 by itself, and so on until 15 products have been multiplied by themselves. How long do you think this will take you? The final product will contain 38,589 figures, and you will be about a quarter of a century working the sum. Reckoning three figures to an inch to allow for rapid working, the answer will be nearly 1000 feet long, and the whole sum will contain more than 500 million figures.

### Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Old name for new type of anti-submarine ships. 8 Enraged. 10 To raise frivolous objections. 12 Section of a circle. 14 Humiliated. 16 Anti-Aircraft. 17 To govern. 18 Parched with heat. 20 Lieutenant. 21 The act of giving legal possession of feudal property. 23 French for East. 25 A fissure. 26 Russian lake much in the news. 28 Swarms in.

Reading Down. 2 A competitor. 3 These flags have appeared in great profusion. 4 A strong wind. 5 Preposition. 6 Popular beverage. 7 Bright red. 9 A place of learning. 11 Joins at a border. 13 The farmer likes these in season. 15 Rushes with violence. 19 Laughing. 22 The highest point. 24 A valuable metal. 27 Low frequency. Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week

## Here is YOUR chance to help!

JOIN the Children's League of Pity—the Junior Branch of the NATIONAL SOCIETY for the PREVENTION OF CRUELTY to CHILDREN (President: H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth)—which is stopping ignorant and cruel parents from neglecting and ill-treating children.

### Its objects are:

To give younger people an opportunity of helping unfortunate children throughout the land.

To do this by giving up something for others and not by collecting money by canvassing. Membership of the League gives a sound sense of responsibility and is an education in good citizenship.



Every member who gives 10/- is awarded this splendid badge. It is a great privilege to wear it and to make other children happy. Why not write to the Secretary for full details:

## The CHILDREN'S LEAGUE of PITY

VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2.

May we send a speaker to your school to tell you how our inspectors help these less fortunate children?



"TO LIVE WILL BE AN AWFULLY BIG ADVENTURE"

## Our Newest & Greatest Industry

Boy. I think you once said we were entitled to look to aviation in the difficult matter of maintaining or increasing the export trade we must have to gain imports to work upon—those foods and materials which are forbidden to the British Isles by Nature.

Isn't it an excellent foundation for the aviation industry that in war we have built up plane construction with such incredible rapidity?

Man. We have every right to be proud of our combination of excellent design, speed of output, and courage in employment, which has already made our aircraft work the greatest industry in the country. It is so great that, with the aid of America, it surprised the enemy by an overwhelming supremacy in the air in North Africa. We have good reason to hope that when peace comes the enterprise that has done so much in warfare will successfully turn to peaceful operations.

Boy. Is it possible to turn bombers into cargo carriers?

Man. Every bombing plane is in a sense a cargo carrier, but we cannot think of basing an efficient cargo carrying service on less than specially designed cargo carriers. No doubt at the end of the war whatever then exists in the way

of bombers can be at once adapted to useful purposes, but that is a temporary phase; the cargo planes of the future will have to be specially designed for efficient work. Only experiment can show to what extent the cargo plane will compete with the cargo ship. The contest between aircraft and watercraft may be as keen as it was in the early days of steamships between the paddle and the screws, which, you will remember, was easily won by the propeller.

Boy. Some people think the Government is moving too slowly in its preparations for building and using civil aircraft.

Man. I think there is little or no justification for that charge. The War Government has first of all to make war, and the air war demands the best designs for particular purposes. Certainly we have not enough technicians and research workers to be able to man a department of civil aviation design while continuing to improve our war planes. In that matter we are behind the United States. An airman who is also an M.P. Group Captain Wright, told the House of Commons the other day that in the design of airliners we are five years behind America.

Boy. I notice that in American aviation films travel by air liners seems to be on a much larger

scale than here. Civil aviation, indeed, seems to be treated in America as a very commonplace thing.

Man. Yes, she undoubtedly has a tremendous lead, and this is helped by American superiority in highly skilled research workers and draughtsmen.

Boy. This raises the question of competition. Here is a new trade, but America has the lead in it. Would it not be well to avoid competition as much as possible by mapping out and sharing agreed routes, and so to place civil aviation at the disposal of all mankind?

Man. Undoubtedly we must, in combination with other nations, aim at avoiding wasteful competition by entering into pacts for mutual assistance. Aviation should be as cooperative and as universal in operation as the post office, one of the world's supreme examples of mutual aid. Civil planes must always aim at the highest degree of convenience and safety, and in these things the world should avoid competition, save in merit. American enterprise in air matters can hardly fail to be of general advantage to the world, though there is every reason why we ourselves should build up an Empire Airway.

## THE BOY TALKS WITH THE MAN

## Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, June 9, to Tuesday, June 15.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 The Cow and the Puffer Train, a story by M. Trest; followed by songs; and The Baker's Man: a talk by Dick Wheeler about his daily round.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Jonathan Church: Episode 5—Panama.

FRIDAY, 5.20 The Big Six: No. 16, The Blinding Flash, told by Mac; followed by Gramophone Records. 5.45 Some Surprising Ants, by L. Hugh Newman.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Donkey Serenade, a programme in praise of the donkey, by Loftus Wigram; followed by Nature's Manufacturers, a talk by William Aspiden.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Responsibility, a story by Gilbert Hackforth-Jones of a very young naval officer faced with his first watch with a convoy. 5.30 Dramatic Interlude for Whit Sunday, written by Hugh Ross Williamson, tracing the rise of the Christian Church.

MONDAY, 5.20 Ten Minutes Each. Puzzle Corner from the BBC At War Exhibition; followed by Folk Tunes of Scotland; and Crossing the Island County of Anglesey. 5.50 Holidays at Home—how children in the North of England are enjoying a stay-at-home Whitsun.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Tigers on the Air, a fantasy by Geoffrey Dearmer, on results following the desire of two tigers to broadcast.